

The Weekly Museum.

[VOL. V.]

SATURDAY, JULY 21, 1792.

[NUMBER 219.]

NEW-YORK: Printed and Published by JOHN HARRISSON, at his Printing-Office, (Torricks Head) No. 3, Peck-Slip.

THE WRETCHED TAILLAH.

An African Story.

ON the banks of the Cambia was born the beautiful Taillah. Her shape was tall, regular, and elegant. Her soul seemed formed for the highest state of refinement, and had she been born of a different complexion, in this, or any civilized country, she would have been esteemed, admired and caressed. But, alas! how different her destiny! strange that those, who call themselves civilized, without one tear of pity, can wantonly involve in misery, souls of a more dignified nature than theirs!

Taillah was the only daughter of Tantee, prince of the fertile plains stretched along the south side of the river Gambia. Of a fierce and cruel disposition, war was his only delight and employment. The north side of the river was possessed by Fidlao, a prince less powerful, but in whose soul, although uncultivated by science, humanity, and every social virtue flourished. With anguish of soul he beheld the fertile plains watered by the Gambia, still more fertilized by the heaps of his slaughtered countrymen. But overtures of peace to Tantee were in vain, while those Americans whose traffic is the human species, gladly purchased the captives. Tantee conducted his wars with vigour, and frequently with success. To defend his subjects was Fidlao's only desire. He never could think of vending any of Tantee's subjects to the Americans, whom he ever considered as the prime cause of all their desolating wars, and as the scourges of the God of his ancestors on his species. In a battle, fought by the two princes, Fidlao was defeated, and his son Tildah, the inheritor of all his father's virtues, was taken and immediately bound hand and foot, and cast into a dungeon, hung around by the curtain of darkness and despair. Not a ray of light to cheer his body, nor a faint glimmering of hope to support his drooping soul—Fidlao seeing that all was lost, in a fit of despair thrust a dagger into his breast, heaping curses on Tantee, and the inhuman purchasers of his friends and countrymen.

The next day was kept a festival by the subjects of Tantee: but to Taillah it was a day of sorrow. The generous supporters of humanity, and the defenders of liberty, were sunk into wretchedness, and oblivion; while cruel barbarity, oppression and tyranny slept forth and reaped the rewards of virtue. The Ghosts of her wantonly butchered countrymen haunted her imagination: the thoughts of her father's vending the unfortunate captives to the Americans, tortured

her soul with anguish, this misfortune of a young, brave, humane, and virtuous prince wrought so strongly on her feelings, that she determined to effect his escape or become a sacrifice of virtue in distress. She went immediately to the keeper of the dungeon, and by bribery, at last gained admission to the gloomy confinement of Tildah. The Prince, perceiving a ray of light from her torch, and supposing the message was for his murder, cried out with joy—"O God of the ancestors of Fidlao, I thank thee for this prospect of a speedy end to all my miseries. Death is all I desire: Tantee has seized my kingdom, and what have I left? Separate me not from my murdered friends, separate me not from the good Fidlao. Hear my prayers. O God of the ancestors of Fidlao, for I have served thee with a pure heart, I am wretched, but, not vicious." As he thus spoke, he heard these gentle accents—"Tildah, worthy Tildah, where art thou?"—What was his astonishment when he saw before him the beautiful Taillah melting into tears of pity! She gave him some refreshment, unbound him, and retired, promising to return in the evening, and effect his escape. She took the keeper of the dungeon to her apartment, and showing him her treasures, offered them all, if he would permit the prince to depart, and report that he was dead, which was daily expected to happen.—It was too tempting. He complied. She brought him from the dungeon, and they, with a trusty female servant, took a boat and fell down the river. In searching along the coast for a place of reception. They were driven to an uninhabited island. Here they resolved to fix their residence, free from the horrid scenes of war, cruelty and devastation. Their hearts both in perfect concord, and all was harmony and love. Each revolving year was witness of their happiness. Four years had now elapsed, since Tildah had bid adieu to misery, when, walking on the shore after a violent storm, he perceived a white person on a piece of timber. He immediately took his boat and brought him on shore. He found that he was Captain of a ship from an American port, for the express purpose of enslaving his fellow countrymen.

He had ever been accustomed to consider persons of his complexion, as monsters of inhumanity, whose happiness consisted in making others miserable. But, as he was in distress, and the heart of Tildah melted into pity. He led him to his cottage, and treated him as a brother. The American tarried with Tildah a year, and had a son by the female servant. At length, being anxious to visit his native country, he prevailed on Tildah to convey him in his boat, to the embou-

chure of the Gambia, hoping there to find some American vessel. He promised Tildah, in the most sacred manner, that he would never make known the place of his retirement. Tildah returned safe to his anxious Taillah. The captain found a vessel, almost ready to sail for the West Indies waiting to purchase only a few more slaves. This perjured villain, breaking through every bond of humanity and gratitude, informed the captain of Tildah's retirement.

They sailed directly for the island, and seized the noble Tildah, and the beautiful Taillah with four small children, together with the female servant and her infant, and cast them into the hold of the ship. O God! why slept thy thunders and crooked not the execrated heads of such monsters of ingratitude and inhumanity!

THE COQUETTE.

A Character.

THE coquette has no idea of love. Her heart is not open to any sentiments of tenderness.—She knows not that enchanting passion which disposes the mind, now to fear, and now to hope; which now tortures with anxiety and now relaxes with joy; which moistens the eye with the tear, that is now soft and agreeable, and now painful and severe. The only object of her life are to please and receive adulation. She must perpetually be in the circle of admirers. She will whisper one, smile to another, and lean familiarly on the shoulder of a third.—Solitude is her utmost aversion. She is jealous of every woman, and would gain the admiration of every man. Though chaste, you would fancy that she entertained a contempt of modesty. Her cheek is never suffused with the crimson blush; her eye never courts the ground; and the uneasy suspicions, and the gentle timidities of virtue never alarm her.—She flies from topic to topic; she asks a thousand questions and waits no return to them. Her body shares the activity of her mind. She is constantly throwing herself into attitudes that may display her charms. She draws on, and pulls off her glove that you may admire the shape of her hand and arm.

Whether the conversation be pleasant or grave, she must laugh, because her teeth are to be shown. The fops that surround her, are more numerous than a rigid decency may require, and more noisy than is consistent with good breeding.

With a pure imagination, you would think that her thoughts were perpetually employed

on some plan of improper gallantry. She is not fond of the company of her own sex: and it is fortunate that it is so—her levity might give a taint to tender and susceptible hearts. She, herself, is in no danger of fatal indiscretion. The coldness of her temperament protects her. When she dresses, it is not her own taste that she consults.—She must be in the very extremity of the mode. She takes a pleasure in affecting weakness and fragility; and it must be confessed, that she is much too pretty to plant her foot on the ground; when she walks she must totter; her nerves are almost always in disorder, and, in the briskness of vivacity, and in the bloom of health, she must give herself an air of melancholy and sickness.—She must appear in every public assembly; and is as frequent at the church as at the theatre.—But imagine not, that she is so very unfashionable as to be devout in the one, or attentive to what is exhibited in the other:—she is present in such places not from devotion, or the love of amusement, but for show. Her habits of affectation may be excused, while her beauty continues to dazzle: they survive it, however, and render her wrinkles more deformed.

What may pass at fifteen, is disgusting at fifty. The frivolity of her youth is carried into her age; it even accompanies her when wasted with disease; and it is odds, but the last act of her life is a suggestion of whim!

INDIAN CRUELTY and FORTITUDE.

From voyages and travels of an Indian interpreter and trader—a late publication.

“SOME years ago,” says our author, “the Shawano Indians being obliged to remove from their habitations, in their way took a Muckohga warrior, known by the name of Old Scarry, prisoner. They bastinadoed him severely, and condemned him to the fiery torture: He underwent a great deal without shewing any concern; his countenance and behaviour were as if he suffered not the least pain. He told his persecutors with a bold voice, that he was a warrior; that he had gained most of his martial reputation at the expence of their nation, and was desirous of shewing them in the act of dying, that he was as much their superior as when he headed his gallant countrymen against them; that although he had fallen into their hands, and forfeited the protection of the Divine Power by some impiety or other, when carrying the holy ark of war against his devoted enemies, yet he had so much remaining virtue as would enable him to punish himself more exquisitely than all their despicably ignorant crowd could do, if they would give him liberty, by untying him, and handing him one of the red hot gun barrels out of the fire. The proposal, and his method of address, appeared so exceedingly bold and uncommon, that his request was granted. Then suddenly seizing one end of the red hot barrel, and brandishing it from side to side, he forced his way through the armed and surprised multitude, leaped down a prodigious steep and high bank, into a branch of the river, dived through it, ran over a small island, and passed the other branch, amidst a shower of bullets; and though numbers of his enemies were in close pursuit of him, he got into a bramble swamp, through which, though naked and in a mangled condition, he reached his own country.

“The Shawano Indians also captured a warrior of the Anantoucha nation, and put him to the stake, according to their usual cruel solemnities. Having unconcerned suffered much torture, he told them, with scorn, they did not know how to punish a noted enemy; therefore he was willing to teach them, and would confirm the truth of

the assertion if he would allow him the opportunity. Accordingly he requested a pipe and some tobacco, which was given him. As soon as he had lighted it he sat down, naked as he was, on the warriors burning torches that were within his circle, and continued smoking his pipe without the least discomposure. On this, a head warrior leaped up, and said, they saw plain enough that he was a warrior, and not afraid of dying; nor should he have died, only that he was both spoiled by the fire, and devoted to it by their laws: However, though he was a very dangerous enemy, and his nation a treacherous people, it should be seen that they paid a regard to bravery, even in one who was marked with war streaks at the cost of many of the lives of their beloved kindred; and then, by way of favour, he with his friendly tomahawk instantly put an end to all his pains.”

For the WEEKLY MUSEUM.

A FRAGMENT. +

WHEN I arrived at the house where I was engaged to dine, (which is situated on a rough, uncultivated piece of ground, surrounded with hills, a small rivulet, and irregular declivities, all which conspired against the return of my spirits) I sat myself down by the window, determined to indulge the emotions which so painful a cause had excited, and seek, if possible, new sources of nourishment for them; I was not long without a supply; my head pensively reclined upon one hand, whilst the other pressed close to my heart, to suppress its sighs and irregular beatings. When the wanderings of my mind were called back to scenes that are past, by a small patch of plants, which had been taken (as I supposed) but a short time before from a rich bed of violets, and other plants, which sheltered them from the cold and chilling blasts of the North, and the scorching rays of the Sun, and placed in a situation where they were exposed to both. The leaves were withered and fallen to the ground. The stock looked pale, and the canker worm appeared to lay close at the root. Their once flourishing state could easily be determined, though nothing at that period would restore their natural verdure, doomed there to remain till accustomed to the soil, when they may possibly extend their weakened limbs, and apparently flourish again. Alas!

What mode can they adopt, impending fate to shun?

Sweet Sympathy's alleviating tear is fled!

And they are doom'd to mingle with the dead,

Unless fresh nourishment descends from Heaven,

Distilled in dew drops, to the plants are given,

Which are tears of the Sky for the loss of the Sun.

How emblematic! exclaimed I, of a young female, basking in the bright sunshine of prosperity, possessed of beauty, worth, attractive qualities, of innocence protected by, and nurtured on, the lap of paternal Care, whose love and pride for its flourishing offspring, wishes it to be known and shine abroad, not doubtful of its stable virtue, and repellant powers, presses the child to go and see the world. She, fearless of danger, cheerful, gay and young, arising from a conscious rectitude of mind, permits herself to be conveyed to distant shores, there, under Friendship's tender and delusive name, she meets with various insults, cruel and unkind, such as her bosom ever was a stranger to before. Her heart recoils. She trembles at her fate. Who shall she apply to for relief? Those in whom she most confided and loved the best, prove her greatest foes. Oppressed with grief, anxiety and care, she silently retires. Her days are spent in sighs, and nights in tears.

See Innocence with various cares distressed,

And madst Warth with insolence oppress;

How shall the virtuous fair obtain redress—

Who'll soothe her sorrows—who restore her peace?

*Her Heaven-born virtues still attract the sight,
Peace, Love, and Charity, their powers unite
To fill the soul with rapture and delight!*

Overcome by reflection and sympathetic tenderness, I gave myself up for a while to the sweet luxury of woe, and rose with this impression, “That the human race were sons of sorrow born, and each must have this his portion.” JULIAN.

July 11.

The Dish of Tea.

LET some in grog place their delight,
O'er bottled porter waste the night,
Or sip the rosy wine,
A dish of tea,
More pleases me,
Yields softer joys,
Provokes less noise,
And breeds no base design.

From China's clime, this present brought,
Enlivens every power of thought

Rigs many a ship for sea,
Oid maids it warms
Young widows, charms,
And Misses' men,
Not one in ten,
But court them for their tea.

When throbbing pains assail my head,
And dullness o'er my brain is spread,

The muse no longer kind,
A single sip,
Disperses the hyp;
To chase the gloom
Fresh spirits come
The flood-tide of the mind.—

When worn with toil, or vexed with care
Let Susan but this draught prepare

And I forget my pain;
This magic bowl
Revives the soul,
With gentle sway,
Bids care be gay,
Nor mounts to cloud the brain.

If learned men the truth would speak
They prize it far beyond their Greek,

More fond attention pay;
N. Hebrew root
So well can suit,
More quickly taught,
Less dearly bought,
And studied twice a day—

This leaf from distant regions sprung
Puts life into the female tongue

And aids the cause of love,
Such pow'r has tea
O'er bond and free,
Which priests admire,
Delights the squire
And Galen's sons approve.

A NECDOTE.

ABOUT half a century ago, when it was more the fashion to drink ale at Oxford than it is at present, a humorous fellow of punning memory, established an ale house near the pound, and wrote over the door “Ale sold by the Pound” As his ale was as good as his jokes, the Oxonians resorted to his house in great numbers, and sometimes staid there beyond the College hours. This was made a matter of complaint to the Vice Chancellor, who was desired to take away his licence by the one of the Professors of the University. Boniface was summoned to attend; and when he came into the Vice Chancellor's presence, he began hawking and spitting about the room; this the Chancellor observed, and asked him what he meant by it. I please your worship, I came here on purpose

to clear myself. The Vice-Chancellor, imagining that he actually weighed his ale and sold it in that manner; he therefore said to him—hey tell me you sell ale by the pound, is that true? No, replied the wit. How do you then? replied the Chancellor—Very well I thank you sir, (replied he) how do you do? The Chancellor laughed, and said, get away for a rascal, I'll say no more to you. The fellow departed and passing the quadrangle, met the Proctor who laid the information. Sir, said he, the Vice-Chancellor wants to speak with you, and return'd with him. Here Sir, said he, here he is.—Who? said the Chancellor. Why Sir, said he, you sent me for a rascal, and I've brought you the greatest that I knew of.

NEW-YORK, July 21.

At a meeting of a number of respectable citizens at Corne's Hotel, on Monday evening the 15th inst. WILLIAM DENNING, Esq. in the chair—After passing, unanimously, a number of Resolves* and appointing a Committee, they adjourned; and the next day several of the committee together with a number of respectable citizens waited upon his Excellency Governor Clinton at the government house, and presented him with a very respectful Address, and to which his Excellency returned a suitable Answer. After which his Excellency favoured with his company, at a public dinner, above One Hundred of his Friends, who had assembled at Corne's Hotel, to celebrate his re-election. The day was spent with great conviviality, and the following patriotic toasts were drank:

1. The constitution of the United States.
 2. The constitution of the State of New-York.
 3. The President of the United States.
 4. The French Revolution.
 5. The friends of liberty and good order thro' the world.
 6. Thomas Jefferson, Secretary of State.
 7. La Fayette, the assertor of freedom in both hemispheres.
 8. The seven firm and patriotic canvassers.
- (three cheers.)
9. The clergy of all denominations in the State.
 10. May a respect for the constitution and laws ever distinguish the citizens of this State.
 11. A speedy return of peace, good will, and harmony throughout the State.
 12. May the sacred name of liberty, never be prostituted in promoting aristocratic, or licentious views.

His Excellency the Governor's toast.

- The republican interest throughout the union.
13. The continuation of a wise and upright administration to the State of New-York.
 14. The memory of Warren, Montgomery, and the other heroes who fell in defence of American freedom.
 15. May the sons of America never draw a sword but against a foreign foe.

After his Excellency had retired—GEORGE CLINTON, Esq. Governor of the State of New-York, was given with three cheers.

Volunteers from the chair.

The virtuous citizens of Otsego, who opposed the corrupt practices at the late election (three cheers)

The Chancellor of the State—(three cheers)

* The Editor regrets the smallness of his paper, which compels him to omit the Resolves, Address and Answer, &c.

On Thursday last, upwards of two hundred FRIENDS to LIBERTY in this city, gave an elegant entertainment at the City Tavern, to the Hon. JOHN JAY, Chief Justice of the United States, at which several gentlemen, as well from

the city as the country, who were particularly invited, were also present.

It was the feast of Freedom and Friendship—each eye sparkled with pleasure, in beholding the distinguished patriot whom a free people had lately honoured with their suffrages—while an indignation rose in every bosom, when the thought occurred, of the vile attempt to rob him of that honour to which those suffrages entitled him.

A band of music played at intervals during the entertainment, and the following toasts were drank under a discharge of Cannon, accompanied by the shouts and huzzas of the people.

1st. The Constitution of the United States—the wife and virtuous who formed and adopted, and all who support it.

2d. The American nation, and their illustrious President.

3d. The State of New-York—may its virtuous citizens ever maintain its free and republican constitution inviolate.

4th. The blessings of peace, liberty, and good government to the French nation.

5th. The rights of man—may they be revered and enjoyed in every part of the globe.

6th. The right of suffrage—may every violation of it experience the indignation it merits.

7th. The honest minority of the late canvassing committee, (three cheers)

8th. May no power exist unless derived from the people, and exercised for their benefit.

9th. The patriots of every age and country.

10th. Republican principles—may they resist the arts of pretended friends, and the force of open enemies.

11th. A virtuous and enlightened Legislature.

12th. May the voice of the people ever command respect and obedience.

13th. A complete remedy for every wrong.

14th. Our injured fellow citizens in the counties of Otsego, Clinton, and Tioga.

15th. May the Friends of Liberty and Justice, ever be united and happy.

Mr. Jay then gave the following toast.

May the people always respect themselves, and remember what they owe to posterity.

Mr. Jay then retired, saying, gentlemen, I wish to you all prosperity and happiness.

He was escorted to his house by a committee.

Volunteer.

After Mr. Jay had retired the company drank, JOHN JAY, GOVERNOR BY THE VOICE OF THE PEOPLE—THREE CHEERS.

Volunteer from the Chair.

Our virtuous and beloved Fellow Citizen Baron SFEUBEN: May he ever enjoy the honour and esteem due to him for his eminent services to the United States.

When the committee returned, the whole company broke up, and went in procession to Mr. Jay's house; and after giving three cheers, they dispersed.

Newbern, June 30—Saturday last was brought to town, from Washington, part of the crew (seven sailors) of the French brig Le Bailli de Suffren, Captain Clairat.

These men are charged with the murder of the Captain and mate of that vessel. On Thursday last they were examined before the Hon. Judge Sirgreaves, at the Court-House, in this town. It appears that the brig sailed from Savannah on the 10th inst. bound to Bourdeaux, with three hundred hogsheads of tobacco, and some rice. Nothing extraordinary happened until Sunday evening the 18th, except that the crew once or twice complained of want of provisions. About 10 o'clock at night, the mates watch being on deck, one of the crew called him, telling him there was a dolphin a head; the mate went forward, and as he stooped to look, one of the crew

struck him with an axe, and knocked him down, another gave him two or three strokes with a knife, and threw him into the sea. They then called the Captain and told him that the mate had fallen overboard: He came up, and as he sat his foot on deck, was knocked down and thrown over as the mate.

The Crew went down and awoke an old French sailor, the cook, and a young woman whom the Captain had brought with him from Savannah: informed them of what had happened, and threatened to kill them, if they would not promise secrecy; on the assurance they gave of not revealing the horrid deed, they were sworn, and the murderers went in the cabin and sat down the rest of the night, eating and drinking. The next day they divided the Captain's and Mate's cloaths & money, & brought upon deck a watch & silver buckles which were sold at vendue. On Thursday the 22d they discovered the land, got into the boats, and endeavoured to scuttle the vessel, this they could not do for want of tools; they made the woman drink a mixture of rum, sugar and turpentine, which intoxicated her so that she fell asleep; in the mean while, seeing a schooner coming towards them, they rowed ashore, leaving the vessel with all her sails hoisted, and towards night arrived at Portsmouth. On the next day they left the boat and made their way to Washington. The old French sailor and the cook, refused to follow them, and after they were gone, gave information against them. They were pursued and brought to Washington, where they were examined by John G. Biont, and William Farris, Esquires, who committed them, and on the next day sent them to this town under a strong guard.

NOTICE!

At a meeting of the Directors of the Tammany Tontine, held at the City Tavern, the 26th June, 1792, the following resolutions were passed.

RESOLVED, That the two dollars remaining to be paid on the second payment, with the interest due on the same, be paid on or before the first day of August next ensuing; and that the shares unpaid for, on that day, be and are hereby forfeited to the benefit of the Tontine.

Resolved, That the Treasurer in receiving this payment, be authorized to receive scrip in lieu of three fourths of the sum due, by any person or persons allowing for each scrip, or representative of one share, the sum that has been actually paid on the same; the other fourth being receivable only in cash.

A true copy from the minutes.

BENJAMIN STRONG, Sec'ry.

New-York, July 20, 1792.

WANTED in a small family, a WOMAN with a good breast of Milk. None need apply unless they can be well recommended. Enquire of the Printer.

JAMES YOULE,
CUTLER and GUN-SMITH,

No. 50, Beekman-Street, near St. George's Chapel, BGS leave to inform his friends and the public in general, that he carries on the Cutlery business in all its various branches, manufactures Surgeons instruments, Razors, Knives, Scissors, Bandages or Trusses, for ruptures.—All kinds of Cutlery and Gun work cleaned, ground, and repaired on reasonable terms, with fidelity and dispatch.
N. B. Swords for the army made on the cheapest and best terms by said Youle.

New-York, July 21, 1792

61.

The COURT of APOLLO.

*The Cock and the Doves. A FABLE.
Inscribed to a Friend.*

IN a farmer's yard, one summer's day,
A pair of Doves, like nature gay,
Sat bill to bill; with scornful eye,
And haughty port, a Cock went by;
He went, but soon return'd again,
And twenty hens compos'd his train:
He crow'd, and near the Doves he drew,
And rang'd his females full in view;
The Doves of all regards still
Their attitude was bill to bill:
The Cock impatient of the sight,
With humbled vanity and spight,
Thus taunting cry'd: "Methinks all day,
Two faithful Doves can bill and play!
If blest, indeed, as ye pretend,
Your bliss is vast and without end!
But I'm convinc'd 'tis all pretence!
Can one to one such joy dispense?
I with a thousand beauty's blest,
Carreſſing all by all careſs'd,
Not I can boast more bliss than you,
If these pretended joys are true.
Hence with your ostentatious loves!
I hate all hypocrite Doves!"

With plumage varying as the sun,
Tom rais'd his head, and thus began:
"Abusive scorn! falsely vain!
Unmov'd your insult we sustain!
Our mated loves, endear'd by truth,
Survive the transient bloom of youth:
Not with the kiss our pleasure ends;
Not lovers only,—Doves are Friends.
Thro' life but one our mutual aim,
Our fears, hopes, wishes all the same:
Unlov'd, unloving, wretched bird!
With female rakes, a rake you herd.
When stung by jealousy or rage,
You bold and bloody combat wage,
Of all your train will one stand by,
With panting breast and wishful eye?
You fall, another fills your place;
Most welcome still the newest face."

As meet, her place Tom's female knew,
(In turtle's prudent wives we view)
Silent she sat, with rapture high;
Full on dear Tom, was fix'd her eye.
—Yet as he finish'd 'tis confess'd,
She arch'd her neck and rear'd her crest,
As proud to own the glorious cause,
And clasp'd her wings and eoo'd applause.
"Go! (cry'd the cock) my soul disdains
To make reply! Go! hug your chains!"

He scarce had ended, when behold,
A rival comes, as young as bold:
His wanton with his looks proclaim;
With answering looks the females came:
His with they crown, he crows aloud;
His death the rival'd boaster vow'd;
They fight, and dreadful scences ensue,
Their females, unconcern'd, withdrew.
This dies; our hero maim'd survives,
The scorn of all his twenty wives.
Opprobrious now he hides his head;
None mourn the wounded, nor the dead.
New rakes, new loves; new broils succeed,
They riot envy fight and bleed.
With speechless joy the turtles glow'd,
Their joys their meeting glances shoud:
And blest'd the gracious power above,
That each at first was form'd a Dove.

Let others take from Cocks their cue,
And range wide nature's common thro':
By doves instructed you and I,
Each with his one can live and die.

THE MORALIST.

The best instructions are those, which are grounded upon the solid Principles of Religion.

THE most solid instructions are those, which are grounded upon religion; because religion being the fountain of truth and justice, our intentions, when directed by it, are always right, our designs lawful, our actions equitable, and our whole conduct agreeable to that order, which is absolutely necessary to make us attain to perfection. And in order to that perfection, religion teaches us what we owe to God, to men, and to ourselves; and what is the safest way to discharge those duties. With the help of religion, we shall not be deterred from the practice of virtue, by any human consideration; because it represents continually to us the respect we owe to our God, who requires such a practice from us. Lastly religion enables us to observe constantly the laws, precepts, advices, and all the instructions, whereby our lives may be regulated; because it is an eternal rule, which is not capable of any alteration.—Let us consider those, who are always guided and directed by religion; and then we shall readily own all those truths, and consequently the truth of our maxim, that the best instructions are those, which are grounded upon the solid principles of religion.

A New Invention,

To fix Artificial Teeth with springs, in such a manner that they may be put in and taken out by the person wearing them with ease, and in a moment. They save the trouble of tying and cannot be perceived, as to their appearance or fastening from natural teeth. Made by

J. GREENWOOD

APPROVED SURGEON DENTIST,

No. 5, Vesey street, opposite the north-east side of St. Paul's Church, who

INFORMS his fellow citizens and the public in general, that he has ever had the approbation of those who have employed him, being the first families in the United States, as well as foreigners, he transplants teeth, cleans and draws teeth, cures the scurvy in the gums, makes and fixes artificial teeth in many different ways, some of which are entirely peculiar to himself, and done in so neat a manner, that he will defy any indifferent person to tell them from the natural ones—they are a great help in speaking and eating, and a great ornament; and if they cannot be fixed to answer the above purposes, Mr. Greenwood will with candour, tell you.

As many people are discouraged, and likewise prevents others from having any thing done to preserve their teeth, or have artificial ones fixed in, owing to the unskillfulness of those they employed; and as there is many not well acquainted with the profession of a dentist, care should be taken to prevent bad consequences, by a little enquiry, as this profession is like many others curious in itself, and not to be acquired in a short time.

Mr. Greenwood informs those who wish to be further satisfied as to his abilities that he has regularly acquired the art and skill of a dentist from his father, who is well known to be eminent in the line of that profession now and for thirty years past; and that in the course of eight years successful practice in this city, he has seen many performances in his line, that were done in different parts of the globe, and none but what he could excel. His performances will convince the truth of the above assertions.

N. B. The extensiveness of his practice enables him to set his prices low, that every one may be benefited. Dentifrice for cleaning the teeth, 2/6 per box, and 2/4 per dozen.

TO THE CURIOUS.

WILL be exhibited for an evening's entertainment, at the corner of Beekman and Gold-Street, that most pleasing and extraordinary phenomenon of art,

THE WAX SPEAKING FIGURE.

which is suspended by a ribbon in the centre of a beautiful Temple, elegantly decorated, and calculated to please and surprise, by returning pertinent and agreeable answers to any questions proposed to it, whether spoken in a low whisper or in an audible voice. It will also ask questions which are always consistent with decency and propriety. The beholder may truly exclaim with the emphatic Poet of nature, as though he had the very figure in his mind's eye.

"It, tho' inanimate, can hold discourse,

"And with the powers of reason seems inspir'd."

In the same room is to be seen, other wax figures, a brilliant diamond Beetle, a small Paradox, and Alarm against House-Breaking and Fire.—Admittance to Ladies and Gentlemen at 2/ each, and Children 1/ each, from 7 until 10 o'clock every evening (Sundays excepted.)

LIVERY STABLES.

THE Subscriber informs his friends and the public in general, that he has furnished himself with a convenient stable, No. 5, Bridge-street, next door but one to Mr. Goodwin's Tallow Chandlery, for the reception of Horses and Carriages by the day, week, month or year, at the very lowest price. He has at the above stable, elegant Saddle and carriage horses for sale: He likewise has, for the convenience of Ladies and Gentlemen, elegant Saddle Horses and Carriages to hire, at as low a rate as any in this city. Wm. WELLS.

New-York, July 20, 1792.

MAIL DILIGENCE STAGE OFFICE.

At the City-Tavern.

THE Public will please to take notice that the Proprietors of the Mail Diligence, have altered the hour of starting, from three o'clock in the afternoon, to twenty minutes after eight o'clock in the morning: This stage admits but seven seats, and leaves Powl's Hook on Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday and Friday mornings, and at 4 o'clock, on every Friday afternoon: All application for seats in this stage must be made to JAMES CARR, at the office.

Mr. Carr will engage for the conveyance of expresses, extra stages, &c.

Fare of a passenger, 4 dols.

150 wt of baggage, 4 dols.

Feb. 18. J. M CUMMINGS, & Co.

S. L O F D,

STAY, MANTUA-MAKER and MILLINER.

BEGET leave to inform her friends and the public in general, that she carries on the above business in all its branches, at No. 21, Great-Dock street.—She returns her most grateful acknowledgments to her friends and the public for past favours and hopes to merit a continuance of them.

Those ladies who please to favour her with their commands, may depend on the utmost exertions to give satisfaction, and the lowest terms.

Order from town or country punctually obeyed.
January 2, 1792. 93 17.

AN APPRENTICE to the Shoemaking Business, wanted by William H. Bartlett No. 8, Smith street. June 16.

PRINTING

In General, executed at this Office with neatness, accuracy and dispatch, on terms as reasonable as any in this City.